

The Royal Palace and Cathedral of Arges

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A Brief Sketch of the Little Monarchy Ruled By A German King and An English Queen - Remarkable Fighting Qualities Inherited From Their Ancestors, the Dacians of the Roman Empire.

DOWN in the southeastern part of Europe, between the Black Sea and the Carpathian Mountains, lies the country known as Roumania, once the old Roman province of Dacia. Before the land became a part of the Roman Empire it was inhabited by a warlike Aryan people who made frequent incursions into neighboring countries. As early as 335 B. C. Alexander the Great was compelled to make a military expedition against them. The Romans, too, sent their legions against these warriors. Finally, the Emperor Trajan, surnamed Dacicus, after two expeditions (101-106 A. D.), subdued the land and made it a Roman province. Settlers were invited to come to the fertile plains along the Danube and thus was formed what is known as the Balkan States, of which Roumania is one.

Even in the early days these little countries suffered from the incursions of the Turks, who plundered the country in the most shameless manner and finally obtained a sort of suzerainty over the land. After the Crimean War, however, a new era dawned in the Balkans. The union of the two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia was proclaimed in 1859, and Roumania became the name of the united countries. The emancipation of the peasantry, too, in 1864 helped to bring about great changes. The first ruler of Roumania was Colonel Cuza, who had been elected Hospodar or Lord of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1859, and who assumed the reins of government under the title of Prince Alexandru Ioan I. His methods of governing did not suit the people and a revolution broke out which forced Cuza to abdicate. It was then decided that representatives of both countries elect as a ruler a hereditary prince from one of the reigning families of Europe to be the ruler of Roumania. The Count of Flanders was elected but declined the honor.

Prince Charles Elected.

At the next meeting of the Assembly the choice fell upon Prince

Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who accepted the appointment with delight. The Roumanians possess the same fighting qualities for which their ancestors were famous, and their victory at Plevna on September 11th, 1877, is one of the most remarkable on record, for there mighty Russia was outclassed by this little Black Sea principality. Russia had asked permission to send her troops through Roumania to the Turkish border and Prince Charles had consented because he did not want to precipitate trouble at that time. As the Russians marched they noted the splendid physique and bearing of the Roumanian soldiers, for Prince Charles thought it well to show off his warriors. A few weeks later came that historical call for help from Russia—the call that made Roumania a kingdom—"Hurry over the Danube to our aid and you can make your own conditions as to reward! Come quickly, that the reward may be greater. We are the center of a circle of Turks. Hurry!" Prince Charles started with thirty-five thousand Roumanians and saved the day for the Russians. When the dawn broke after that famous battle the thousands of men representing three nations saw the standard of Roumania proudly floating in the breeze of battle. Hundreds of Roumanians had come to their death, but they had won for their country a place in history. Plevna had made Roumania a kingdom, and at the close of the war Prince Charles was proclaimed king under the title of King Carol I.

The coronation of the new king took place in 1881. The queen who, before her marriage, was Princess Elizabeth von Wied, is known throughout the world as Queen Victoria—a name which she used in her literary work. Although somewhat eccentric in her tastes, she is popular with the people, especially on account of her charity work among the helpless blind.

The succession to the throne in the event of the king being childless (which proved to be the case) was fixed upon his elder brother, Prince

Something About ROUMANIA

King Ferdinand



Queen Marie



Roumanian girls in native costume



Roumanians going to the recruiting station



Market at Bucharest

cholera was raging, and spent several weeks nursing the people who had been stricken with this terrible malady. That part of her character was a revelation to those who looked upon her as merely a pretty woman whose life was given over to pleasure, and when she fell ill as the result of overwork and exposure the sympathy of the world went out to Roumania's Queen.

Agricultural People.

The Roumanians are an agricultural people, and owing to the richness of the soil they have been able to raise large crops without artificial processes and by the aid of the most primitive agricultural implements. The management of the Crown domains, which consist of twelve estates, is an excellent example for the peasants who frequently visit these estates for the purpose of studying model farming. Agricultural schools, too, were established by King Carol. Sugar, beets, grapes and tobacco are raised with success. The latter is cultivated under the management of the Crown alone.

The country abounds in mineral springs, and in the Arges district traces of old Roman baths are to be found dating back to 138 A. D., thus showing that the Roman had utilized the sulphur and iodine waters. At Sinalia, where the royal family has a summer home, mineral springs abound and within the last few years beautiful villas have sprung up and the place has taken on the style of a modern health resort.

Roumania believes in education, and one is surprised to find the country dotted with fine school buildings. Many of the wealthy families send their children abroad to "finish off," which accounts for so many of the residents of the cities of Roumania speaking perfect English. Indeed, the progress made by the little country in education is remarkable, for until the suzerainty of Turkey was lifted the people had few advantages along this line.

As to the country, it is beautiful in many places but near the northern border it becomes less attractive with its dirty drab houses and wind-swept plains. The country around Jassy is particularly picturesque, being surrounded by vineyards and fields which in the spring are as green as an emerald. Many gypsies are to be found in this section—people who wander about leading a lazy life, gathering

money by telling fortunes, etc.

"Paris of the Balkans."

Bucharest, the capital, is the real city not only of Roumania but of the Balkan States and has long been known as the "Paris of the Balkans." Among the natives it is known as the "City of Pleasure," a name equally suitable and one which the native word "Bucuresti" literally implies. The principal street of the city—the Chica Victoriei, is an avenue of palatial buildings, the postoffice being considered one of the finest (architecturally speaking) in the world. It is built of white marble and is finer than the town palace, which is a comparatively modest structure built so near the street that one may look into the royal apartments. There are several fine hotels in the city at which Paris prices are charged. Cafes and gambling establishments abound, for Bucharest is regarded as one of the immoral cities and gambling and all other vices flourish in the open, yet with all this it is one of the safest places in the world for a woman traveling alone. A lady may walk on the streets alone at night or go to a place of amusement minus an escort without the least fear of insult. The Roumanians are the most polite people in the world, and a stranger who travels there meets courtesy at every turn. The native women are pretty, for as a noted writer has said, "she combines the beauty of the Hungarian, the grace of the Austrian and the wit of the French."

The upper classes, especially in Bucharest, live in a perpetual round of gaiety which leaves them little time for serious thought. Trashy French novels find favor in the fashionable book shops, the excellent public libraries being patronized almost exclusively by the middle class. The peasant women wear gay costume frequently covering their heads with veils of gauze bespangled with silver while the men wear white baggy trousers often trimmed with lace and tight shirts with flowing sleeves.

Military service is compulsory and universal. In time of peace the army numbers about ninety-five thousand. The total war strength is said to be at least a half a million, with at least one hundred and fifty thousand additional, if necessary, but at present unorganized for duty—a mighty army from a country of 52,750 square miles and a population of less than eight million souls.

SPO-PEE, Same Indian, held Thirty-two Years Amid Maniacs



Cut Bank Canyon where Spoo-Pee killed the white man whose heart, Cross was said to be buried.

An Ordeal Unprecedented In the History of the Nation—One Which Defies the Imaginings of the Eaters of the Lotus.

By WILLIAM AHERTON DU PUY.

THIS is the tragic tale of Spoo-Pee, the Indian, a sane man who has sat stoically for thirty-two years in the midst of the gibbering, madmen of the United States institution for the mentally de-



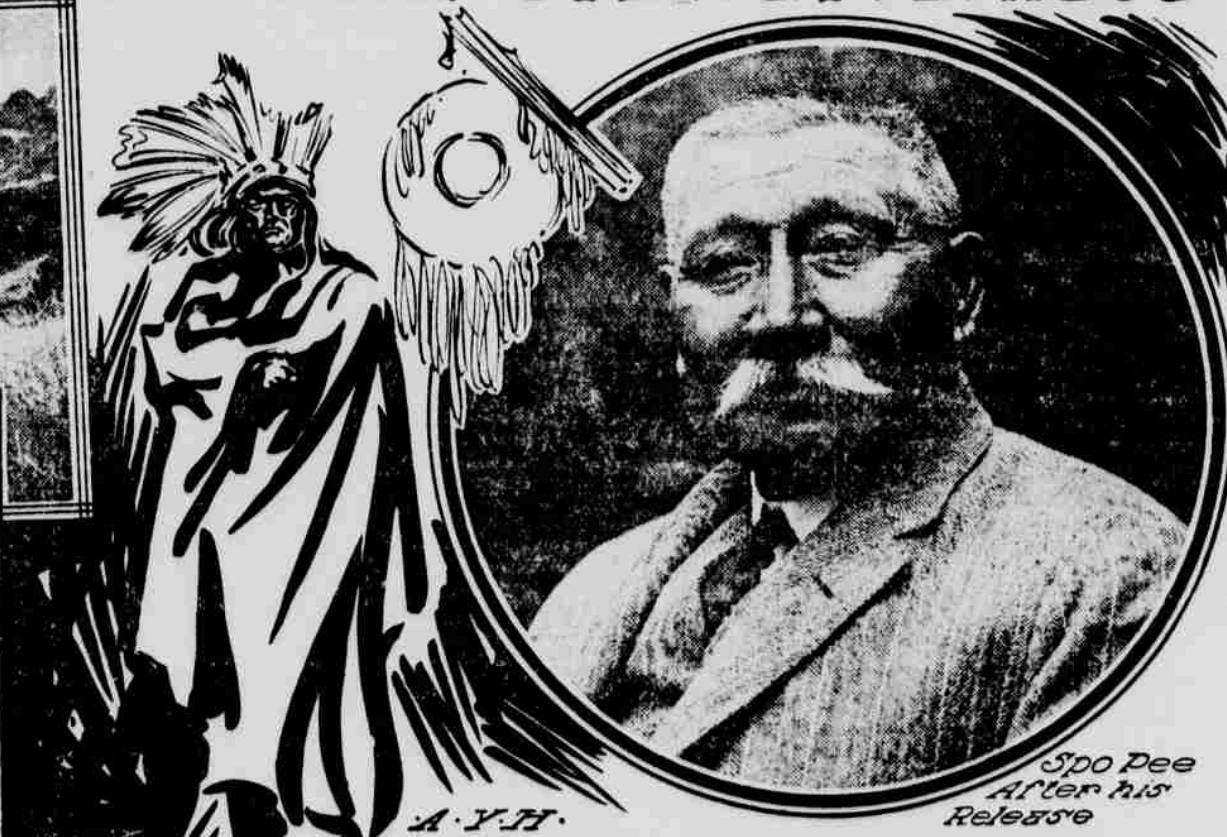
As Spoo-Pee and his wife, Light might have stood thirty-five years ago.

The Tale.

In the summer of 1879 Charles Walmsley, hardy spirit of the north-west and variously spoken of as being an admirable man and one of morose and domineering nature, started from a Canadian trappers' outpost to a similar station on the American side. On the way he fell in with the stalwart young hunter, Spoo-Pee, which name signifies in Indian, the turtle. With him was the lad, Good Rider.

When the three had reached Cut Bank, a stream which winds from the park into the plain and which has never been set by the government to irrigating the lands of the latter, the white man was killed by Spoo-Pee. The Indian says that the heart of the white man was shown to be bad, that he was beaten by him with a shovel the wounds of which he exhibited, that he killed him the hunting ground might be rid of his evil spirit. The boy, Good Rider, was not a witness of the killing but the prosecution held that its object was robbery.

The trial of Spoo-Pee took place three years after the Custer massacre and at that time little consideration was shown the Indian in Montana courts. He was condemned to die. But the President of the United States intervened and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in the De-



Spoo-Pee After his Release

Torn From His Family.

Stoically the warrior bade farewell to his young wife, Rainbow Light, and the three-year-old baby girl she had borne him. Stoically he departed with his captors ready for any fate that might await him and knowing not what to expect. Stoically he rode by stage coach to the Missouri, by steam-er down that stream to St. Louis, and by the iron horse he had never seen before, from St. Louis to Detroit. There he was thrust into prison where none knew aught of his language or the life from which he had come. As an Indian warrior he settled unarmingly into the routine of his imprisonment.

The dazed Indian spoke no word for a year. With his hands in his lap he sat silent and waited for the stroke to fall. About him were many white men, but none who uttered a word that he knew. Eventually he aroused himself from his lethargy. He had waited for death and it had not come. He would ask for his wife and his baby. He knew that Indians speak many tongues but that all understand the sign language. It is universal. He broke his long inactivity by industriously making signs with his hands to those who surrounded him. These were strange gesticulations which no

man understood. There was the year-long brooding which the wise ones diagnosed as acute melancholia, then the strange gestures. The man was crazy.

Spoo-Pee was sent to the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, D. C. His going was not reported to his friends on the reservation. They lost track of him. To them he had gone away toward the rising sun with the white man and had never returned. They believed him dead. No other creature in the world was interested in his fate.

With Maniacs.

At Washington the Indian took his place among 3,000 other men and women who are wards of the federal government. He was filed away among others who were considered permanent inmates, crazy people for whom the government must care until death came.

It is difficult to appreciate the impression that all of this must have had upon the young warrior from the buffalo ranges. With no conception of the nature of the race with which he was thrown, with no understanding to tell him that these were not as other white men, surrounded constantly by wild, raving creatures who must have impressed him as being of another world, with no capacity to understand a word that was spoken to him, the free-roving Indian could have been expected to imagine himself bewitched, to have been thrown in evil ways, to have lost his reason. Yet for thirty-two years he lived in these surroundings, sat stolidly awaiting whatever might come, and remained sane.

Found.

It was a year ago that a party of Sioux Indians came to Washington to visit the Great White Father. They wandered about the city viewing the strange accomplishments of an age of invention and a people of mechanical ingenuity. They rode on a street car to its end, where a great gate stood invitingly open and park-like vistas beckoned. The Indians entered and wandered about.

A party of patients, for this was the Government Asylum for the Insane, was being taken out for an airing. The Sioux watched them curiously until one came past them whom they recognized as an Indian. They addressed him in the Sioux language and he made no reply. They had recourse to the universal language of their people, that of signs made with the fingers. They made the sign of the Sioux. A flicker of remembrance passed over the features of the Indian of the institution and he automatically responded with the sign of the Blackfoot. He passed on with his fellows.

Uncommunicative, these Indians said nothing to the authorities about the man they had seen. Many months had passed when one of them encountered a party of the Blackfoot tribe, likewise in Washington for a visit. He told his fellow red men that there was a member of that band in the great institution for the insane. The story of Spoo-Pee was a legend in the Blackfoot tribe. He was a warrior, brave and strong, who had gone away with the white men and been lost. His fate was regarded as a closed book. Yet the chiefs knew of no other man of their tribe who



He has gone back to the habits of his youth with white cut and lazy boy.

could be alive and so held. They went to the asylum to see this mysterious Blackfoot.

The guards led the stolid old Indian from his grated cell. Heavy and stooped and gray he was, shorn of his flowing hair, dressed in the clothes of the institution. A great lethargy had settled down upon him, this man who had not spoken nor heard an understood word for thirty-five years.

His tribesmen spoke to him in his native tongue and he understood it not, so long had he lived in silence. They talked to him in the sign language and aroused now and then a glimmer of understanding. The women of the party, for there were some such, murmured to him of the croonings of his mother and the legends of his tribe that make up the Blackfoot Mother Goose. They coaxed and coaxed his sleeping intelligence with the instinct that can wake a babe without frightening it.

The Awakening.

Fragmentarily the captive Indian began to appreciate the situation. The words of the Blackfoot language he started to repeat after his visitors. He mouthed them as a morsel sweet to the tongue but long forgotten. At the end of two hours he was able to say that he was Spoo-Pee, the Blackfoot, that he had been in a long, long sleep, that he remembered the Cut Bank where it came down from the hills with its trout and that buffalo herds were to be found on Two Medicine.

Then his mind grew tired and relapsed into inactivity. Two days later the Blackfoot returned and talked again with the prisoner. By this time he was beginning to get back his words. He could tell of White Calf and Lazy Boy, two of the chiefs still living with whom he had hunted the buffalo. He was able to ask for his wife, Rainbow Light, and the baby he had left in her arms. He was coming back to normal.

Commissioner Sells investigated the causes that had led Spoo-Pee to his present situation, the crime he had committed and the conditions under which it had been perpetrated. He developed the fact that there was a doubt as to the circumstances that led to the murder. He took the position that, if Spoo-Pee was guilty of all that was charged against him, he and